WIND TOO RECOVE WIT

Now inach: while I sing to you, baby,
A song of the angels above,
That come on invisible platons
To watch o'er the children they love.
So all through your beautiful dreaming
The voice of your mother shall creep,
Last, hearing the harpings celestial,
Your soul should fly homeword in sleep!

—Little Corpora

Selected Miscellany.

A TUNNEL ADVENTURE.

Some years ago, I was stationed in o

bitter ale. Of these peculiarities, the last was decidedly the most prominent, and sometimes influenced the other states. was decidedly in most profitate, and sometimes influenced the other two. When, after a long sitting—and it took a great deal to affect him—his favorite liquor reached his head, it effectually banished all considerations of work until sober momenta should arrive, and roused his rancour against the office clerks until it found vent in the most uncomplimentary terms. He had originally been a carpenter, but had by some means picked up a store of information about telegraph in-

turned to his corner in the public house to compensate his exertions by increased draughts of foaming ale. I have said that face than he had worn when he started on some of his expeditions along the line. Railway men, from porters to managers, shared his vocabulary of vituperation with telegraph clerks; and silver-laced

services, departed evidently bent on a de- men as they traveled the road I had already bauch. He had scarcely gone when one come—when a sound broke upon me of our orices ceased working; but as the which filled me with an awful fear.

Slowly at first, and then more quickly, day's business was done, and we had another wire communicating with the same station, I did not tkink it worth while sending after him, but left him to find out the fault in the morning. One by one, the clerks took down their hats and departed, and the men on night duty having come, I locked my desk, and was preparing to go which seemed likely to be my great had. locked my desk, and was preparing to go home, when one of the counter clerks la-formed me that a gentleman wanted me. This gentleman was a clerk from the office of the railway company, to inform me that their tunnel wire had ceased working; that

the traffic was in consequence stopped, and the matter must be seen to at once. I promised to attend to it immediately, and he went away, saying as he left the office : Don't lose a minute, for the six o'clock Snatching up my hat, I ran with all

speed to the dingy public-house which Jucob Voosh made his headquarters; and there sure enough I found him in the middle of a group of his cronics, bawling oot above his head, in tipsy illustration of

"Come, come," I said, "this won't do, Jacob. The railway tunnel wire has broken, and you must go at once and

Jacob Voosh put down his pewter, stretched out his legs, thrust his hands deep into his prekets, and with great de-liberation answered: "Blest if I do. Shan't stir this night."

Nonsense," I replied crustily and au-oritatively. "It must be done, and you st do it. So come along."

"Nonseane," I replied crustily and authoritatively. "It must be done, and you must do it. So come along,"

"I tellyou,"retorted Jacob with greater gravity and emphasis than before, "I shout go. It's after working-hours. If it had been any of our wires, I'd have gone, but that informal railway company is, always breaking somethin; and up their dirty, dangerous tunnel I don't go to-night. "You can tell them that from me, if you like."

I did not maist an half, greater dirty, dangerous tunnel I don't go to-night. "You can tell them that from me, if you like."

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I did not maist me half, greater dirty, dangerous tunnel I don't go to-night. "You can tell them that from me, if you like the light in the distance Once the light in the distance of the light in the greater dirty, dangerous tunnel I don't go to-night. "You can tell the we will have been doned to the search, and the search of the light in the greater directory to be a directory of the light in the greater d

Perrysburg



VOL. XVI.—NO. 13.

PERRYSBURG, WOOD CO., OHIO, FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1868.

\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

necessity for perfect telegraphic commu-nication between the station and the ongine-house, and hence the anxiety to have the broken wire mended at once.

necessity for perfect telegraphic communication between the station and the engine-house, and hence the anxiety to have the broken wire mended at once.

When I got to the terminus, the station-master was extremely glad to see me, and handing me a lamp, started me on my solitary way. I thought at the time that he might have sent some one to accompany me; but as he did not volunteer any such escort. I proceeded alone.

myself of it, I rose and crept forward as quickly as my bruised limbs would allow. I had traveled, as nearly as I could guess, about a hundred yards, when again the rope began to move, and I stood and waited. But this time I had not the same chilling fear, for I thought it unlikely that two trains would again pass me at the same time, and the danger I had escaped made me confident. Once more, the distant light appeared and grew in size; but

Some years ago, I was stationed in one of our chief manufacturing towns as superintendent in the office of a certain telegraph company. This office contained the smallest amount of space in which it was possible to carry on the work. The greater portion of it was dedicated to the public; and all that remained for an instrument-room was a little slice cut off from the main office by a wooden partition. In this den, about a dozen of us were doomed to spend the best part of every day in an atmosphere vitiated by the gas which was kept continually burning. Underneath this office was a sort of infernal region into which our messengers descended. These batteries were under the charge of our linesman—a man who deserves a special word of description.

Jacob Voosh was his name, and he was a till, broad-shouldered fellow, with a stall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a semantal or ept over me. I wished that I had reached the sak, but since I had done so, I determined to accomplish that the swe, but since I had done so, I determined to accomplish it had done so, I determined to accomplish that I had done so, I determined to accomplish that I had done so, I determined to accomplish that I had done so, I determined to accomplish that I had done so, I determined to accomplish that I had done so, I determined to accomplish that I had done so, I determined to accomplish that I had cannot the lamb, Still grasping It, I pushed for ward.

How long I played at this game of hide-and-seek with Death I cannot tell. Train after train came from the blocked-up lines above and from the station below; and as every new and then stopping to test the tunnel-wire, only to find the communication from the ment, and rememt, and rememt as were. I had deep list, and dorped it, a deserves a special word of description.

Jacob Voosh was his name, and he was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a shock head of red hair, and a closely-cut and fiery beard. Judging from a long intercourse with him, I should say that his chief characteristics were a love of his trade, a detestation of talegraph clerks in general, and an inordinate fondness for bitter also of these neguliarities the last

more plunged into the darkness.

Now the way became more hideous and difficult than before. The soil above seemed to be damp, and water cozed drippingly through the brick roof, and ran in great sooty streaks into putrid side-drains. These drains sent forth a nauseous smell, and swarmed with bloated water-rats, which scampered into their holes as I approached the walls, and peered out at me as I amplied my testing apparatus to the store of information about telegraph instruments, and had drifted into the post of linesman in our company. His duties were multifarious, for he was considered responsible for the efficient working of all the apparatus. But upon the whole, the job was an easy one, and frequently a slight inspection in the morning, and an evening call to see that all was right, constituted his entire day's work. The lengthy interval between morning and evening Jacob religiously spent in a dingy little public house near the office, where he was within reach in case of an emergency, and where the tap was exceptional-

he was within reach in case of an emergency, and where the tap was exceptionally good. Occasional emergencies did occur. Lightning magnetised all the instruments and made them for the time useless, or a storm blew down a score of posts, and broke the wires. Then Jacob Voosh showed himself equal to the catastrophe. He hired subordinates, he slaved day and night, he toiled like a Hercules, and then, when he had set everything right, he returned to his corner in the making here. vancing towards senseless drunkenness; pictured my father reading and resting b draughts of foaming ale. I have said that he was fond of his work; but there was one part of it he did not like. One of the northern railway companies allowed us to carry our wires a certain distance along their posts, and we, in return, agreed to keep their telegraphic communications perfect. This duty, of course, fell to the lot of Jacob; but his experience of railway officials was such that he would rather do anything than encounter them, and invariably returned with a brighter face than he had worn when he started on some of his expeditions along the line.

some of his expeditions along the line. Railway men, from porters to managers, shared his vocabulary of vituperation with telegraph clerks; and silver-laced uniforms of the Northshire Railway Company roused him as a red rag does a mad bull. "An ill-conditioned, drunken follow," you say. Exactly so; but a good workman, and that suited us.

One August evening, this worthy presented himself before me in a state of beery excitement and having been informed that there was no need for his scrvices, departed evidently bent on a description.

which seemed likely to be my grave, had none of the little retreats so common as none of the little retreats so common as those in modern days, or if it had I had not noticed them, and could never find them by groping in darkness. Were I to move in scarch of a refuge I would most likely be caught and killed by the rusty rope which was rushing over the wheels with the speed of the wind. My one poor chance of safety consisted in remaining where I was until the train passed, and then making my way forward when the tunnel should again be empty. So I sat down to wait.

Brought to n sore extremity by the debauchery of a drunken fool—alone in the

hauchery of a drunken fool-alone in the darkness with Death, while the young blood was coursing through the veins and life was sweet-would you not have cursed the cause of your misfortune—and prayed to be sayed from such an awful fitte? I madly did both, heedless of the contradic-tion between them. But the danger was drawing near, and I braced myself up to meet it. I heard railway men say that the safer plan was to turn the face and not the safer plan was to turn the sice and not the back to a passing train; so I now eagerly pecred into the darkness to discern the first approach of the coming peril. Far in the gloom through which I had come I thought I saw a speck of light, fancied myself mistaken, when on turning my head the other way I beheld a bright and

myself of it, I rose and crept forward as

me; but as he did not volunteer any such escort, I proceeded alone.

The further I went, the less I liked it. For the first hundred yards or so, while the daylight lasted, it was endurable; but as the tunnel curved away into the earth, and the little ring of light at the entrance was no longer discernible, a dreadful feeling of loneliness and a sort of buried-alive sensation crept over me. I wished that I had never undertaken the task, but since I had done so, I determined to accomplish dropped it and now only held the dark

again. The walls were damp and dirty; but they were far from the rails and ropes, and near them I could be secure. Again the wheels were clanging in their

Again the wheels were clanging in their sockets, as the ropes sped over them; but now that I could see, I sprang over both, and leaned myself against the sooty wall. In a minute or two, a heavy train shot out into the light, and then again plunged into the tunnel. After that, there was a long pause. I expected that the ropes would begin to run again, but they never stirred begin to run again, but they never stirred But although they were still. I heard the heavy panting of an engine slowly labor-ing up the incline, and making the arched roof echo. At length it crept out of the gloom, and stopped before me. I was

saved ! Eager faces were looking over the side, and ere the wheels had ceased to revolve, the burly station-master sprang to the ground. I smiled as best I could, and tried to rise, but my bruises had become stiff,

and I found it impossible.
"Don't stir," exclaimed the station-ma er. "For God's sake don't stir!" Then he lifted me up in his arms, and turned to the stoker. "Bill, knock the head off that bottle of

brandy, and give me some of it in your Bill did as he was bid, and the generous liquor quickly brought back my stagger-ing energies. Refreshed and strengthen-ed, I was able to use my limbs somewhat, so that with the sid of my rescuers I was soon scated on the foot plate of the engine. As we moved off, I heard the station-master begin to tell me why I had been lost,

and how I came to be found.

He had waited for me until he imagined I must either have left the tunnel by the upper end, or have gone home through the patched his long delayed mail, and had thought no more about me, until the guard of the last down train had told him that there was a ghastly man at the ventilating shaft. In a moment the true state of the case flashed upon him. He ran to the refreshment room, got a bottle of brandy, unlocked the engine from a train ready to start and came in search of me.

I heard him say all this, and in a sort of way understood him; but my thoughts way understood him; but my thoughts were busy, and as his voice was drowned in the rattle of the wheels, I buried my face in my hands, and poured out my whole soul in thanksgiving.

When we reached the station, the cabmen and porters gave me a lusty cheer; and the folks in the train started at the station has been seen the way the object of

scared-looking man who was the object of their welcome. Many willing hands helped me to descend, and supported me to a charge of a ticket collector, who presented me, fattered and dirty, bruised and bleed ing to the gaze of my astonished landlady as the august sun was setting.

Jacob Voosh was very penitent when he heard the story, and showed his peni-tence by being moderate in his libations for at least a whole week; but I made a vow that I would never become an ama-teur linesman, and I have kept it. A sound sleep, and a little subsequent nursing, soon restored me to my usual health and serenity of nerve: butto this day I keep as far as I can from trains in motion, and have a horror of tunnels. — Chamber's

The New York Herald published the following blank yerse, on the morning following the nomination of Seymour. It there is a more truth than poetry about it

"Seymour wen't accept. He will pass he nomination over to Chase."
"I don't see it."
It wash't seen.
Seymour takes the nomination and

ockets the insult to his Everybody except some Southern ex-

Seth Adams, of Mussachusetts, says the ampaign in the East is Crushed!

Lew Campbell goes back to his farm in Ohio and declares Seymour won't carry a State northwes New Hampshire regards the nomination Five thousand majority in that State for Grant! ..

Maine says this has been the first real Grant ratification meeting that has been

It will be amusing to see them in the residential contest, and Blair! That's a new mame in the councils of

Kitchen callingts of every administra-ion at Washington.
It is a bully name for a

A REDICULOUS lady of New York is going to Europe, for medical treatment of a fat poodle, which has already reached the

A String of Democratic Beads.

From the Ledross Weekly Democrat, April 28.

THE SLATE SMASHED.

We have smashed Behnont's slate "all to pieces." He has been putting out feeler after foeler, with names of Scytnour, Hoffman, Murphey, Church, Sherman, McClellan and Johnson, and is now "bobbing for bites" with the name of Hancock. Every experiment falls. He has to keep rubbing out as fast as he puts names on to his slate.

We have numbers of tried and true men, whose names are unsullied, whose hands are unstained with blood illegally shed the blood of innocence. From such men will we select our candi

date—civilians, statesmen, Democrats.

We will have no other!
From the LaCrosse Weekly Democrat, of May CALL YOU THOSE OUR PRIENDS? DO YOU

BEE IT " The LaCrosse Democrat, in the course of one brief article, calls the New York World "a mongrel concern," and declares that the election of such men as Messrs, Belmont, Seymour and Tilden to a Democratic Convention, "is an insult to the whole country" Call you this backing your friends?—New York Sun.

Call you those our friends? We don't believe they are. Our friends are the friends of the poor men; those who would aid to lift the great burden of debt and

aid to lift the great burden of debt and taxation from the shoulders of the poor laboring men of the country, where such men as Belmont have put it, and where such men as Seymour, Tilden and com-

pany seek to keep it.

We back our friends, and that is why we back the workingmen of the country against the encroachments of the mahogany-legs and bondholders.

"Do you see it?"

From the La Crosse Weekly Democrat, of Jane 2d, 1888.

2d, 1888.

IN ACCORD.

We have been particularly impressed, since reading the Jacobin platform adopted at Chicago, with its almost exact accordance, touching the finances, the national credit and taxation, with Governor Seymour's views, as expressed in his celebrated speech at the New York Bondholder's Convention last winter. Scan the two and compare them carefully, and the two, and compare them carefully, and you will find scarcely a shade of difference. How true it is that the friends of the bondholders, in either party, think alike, feel alike and act alike. With them he interests of their masters, the bond ords, are paramount to all others.

What a beautiful fix we should be in

were we to adopt Governor Seymour's views, reaffirming, in substance, the Jaco-bin platform upon the financial question. bin platform upon the financial question.

How grandly we could rally the masses!

What ringing appeals we could make to
the plowholders! What a splendid campaign it would be, with no issue that
would touch the real interests of the people, arouse enthusiasm, fire the popular
heart, and consolidate, strengthen, inspire
with confidence, gladden with assurance
of victory, the Democratic legions!

Out upon the thought! Sourn all such

Out upon the thought! Spurn all such suggestions! Treat as enemies all who would council such suicidal policy! Away with the insidious advice of those who It is false to Democracy! It is treason the country! It is death to liberty! Let the people beware! Politicians, beware!

"A DONKEY WOT WOULDN'T GO."
From the LaCrosse Weekly Democrat, June 39.
The LaCrosse Democrat will support only true, earnest, and able Democrats, only true, earnest, and able Democrats, upon a square Democratic platform, the success of which will bring the people out of bondage. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, is at this time the most available man, and his nomination would be cordially supported by the LaCrosse Demo-

From the LaCrosse Weekly Democrat, July 6.
It is reported that Montgomery Blair says that none of the candidates now prominently named will receive the Democratic nomination at New York, and that the party can only be united by bringing forward a new man.—Exchange.

Such stuff as the above is more than Democratic nature can bear. To have one of that PESTILENT BLAIR FAMILY talking thus oracularly about the affairs of the Democratic party is the most impudent hing of the day. What have the Blairs in common with

the Democratic party?

They all contributed to the extent of heir ability, to widen the gulf and increase the bitterness between the North and the South, which led to the late tremendous convulsions Te OFTHOREA.

It is this Blair family, whose history is thus truthfully sketched, which now claims position and a voice in the Democratic party, and even assumes to dictate its nomination for the Presidency. In fact, it has the modesty to claim the nomination for one of its own members—the butcher of St. Louis—the nice young gentleman who was so adroitly balanced between the Speakership and a Brigadier-Generalship, and to whom Lincoln so kindly tossed the latter when the former was not to be

as to be used by such creatures? Is it so craven as to allow such fellows to say what it shall do or what it shall not do? CI I THE REAL PROPERTY.

They Learn Nothing.

Four years ago people were greatly amused by finding the Democratic platform—which declared the war a failure, and demanded an immediate cossation of hostilities—printed in many of the country papers on the same page with reports of the capture of Atlanta by Sherman.

The year before that, Mr. Seymour, of this State, distinguished himself by a dol-orous Fourth of July oration in this city, in which he warned his hearers that we could not afford to carry on the war any longer, that we could never beat the rebels. But while he was speaking Vicksburg was surrendered to Grant, and Lee was beginning to fly from Meade at Gettysburg; and Seymour's speech was accompanied in the next day's papers with a glossmost unwelcome to him and those who thought with

form that the acts of reconstruction are
"void," which means that the Democrats,
if they succeed, will at once destroy all
that has been done, and put us back again
to 1865. This is a promise which will
hardly delight a people who have grown
tired of the long reconstruction squabble. To re-open this question now settled in all but three States, would be a calamity

to the country—but that is what the plat-form threatens.—N. Y. Post. "LET US HAVE PEACE." -Gen. U. S. Grunt's Letter of Acceptance. BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

"Let us have peace!" is the cry of the millious
Who fought for the sturry-remmed dag of the
free!
That prayer of the hero, the song of civilians,
That rolls from the mountains far down to the shore, the storm has outlived, and the thunders the

Are voices that prophesy tempest no more. Let us have peace?" is the sigh of the lowly, That walk in the vale where the cypress is sen-ho mourn their departed with tenderness hely and knied where the graves are perenniall And where the "Unknown," in their silence ar

aleeping.

The feet of the angels are pressing the sod,
And vespers of harmony round them are keeping.

While martyrs of freedom have gone to their "Let us have Peace !" the evangel of Labor,
Where toilers imploringly lift up their hands:
for whee aff the stains from the death-dealing
sabor,
And build the bright altar of hope for all
lands:
to! radiant from darkness the temple in glory
Throws wide to the world the broad alskes of the
fane;
affrommen shall fall.

fane; and freemen shall toll, as they after the story, And children repeat to the ages again. Let us have peace!" is the chorus ascending From hamlets that he mid the plue-cover

hills.
And like a glad authem in unison blending.
Floats on till the plain with its melody thrills:
And rivers that roll to the land of the West.
And prairies that wake to the hymn of the free.
With millions of freemen implering for rest.
Swell psalms of rejoicing while bending the

The reveille calls to the love of the Past ! "LET US HAVE PEACE!" in a holy thanksgiving.
The Hero-voice cries, in the name of the Lours
For the sake of the dead! for the sake of the
living!
Turn spears into pruning-hocks—to plowshare
the sword!
And out of the darkness shall come forth the
beauting.

of Glory's bright sun where the formen have and Freedom chall teach, with a truth all-redeem That PRACE WITH OUR BROTHER IS PEACE WITH New York, June 27, 1868.

Seymour as Casar.

Casca-Why there was a crown offered him, and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting,

Casca—Why, for that, too. Cassius—They shouted thrice. was the last cry for? Casca-Why, for that, too. Brufus-Was the crown offered

Casca—Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted. Cassius—Who offered him the crown?

Casea—Why, Antony, Brutus—Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca—I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; it was merely foolery;

did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet it was not a crown neither; 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him have had it. Then he offered it to him again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still, as he refused it, the rabblemen shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar had refused the crown, and that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening mine lips and receiving the bad sir.

Cassius—But, soft, I pray you! What! did Cæsar swoon?

did Casar swoon?
Casca—He fell down in the market ace, and foamed at mouth, and was g sickness. Cussius—No, Casar hath it not; but yo

and I, and honest Casca, we have the falling sickness. Cusca—I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure, Casar fell down. If the tagrag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

In point of perspicuity the Republica platform has greatly the advantage of that formed by its opponents. Its declarations upon each of the questions in lasue are clear in language and in method; whereas it is necessary to place together many scattered phrases before one can be supported by the control of the large of of the larg many scattered phrases before one can be sure of faving before his eyes all that the Democratic Convention has said upon a given subject. One illustration of this is in the New York World's patchwork of the declarations of the Democracy on mancial topics. Then, again, the platform, after making eight—"demands," proceeds to "arraign the Radical party," but in the same paragraph pays a hypocritical tribute to "arraign the readical party," but in the same paragraph pays a hypocritical tribute to the pational soldiers and sallors, and declares in favor of the pre-emption and formestead laws, which were passed by Republican Congresses, and signed by a Republican President, after they had been vetoed by a Democratic President, and which are, for the first time, announced to be Democratic measures. The Republican Convention did not allude to them, as it

Convention did not allude to them, as it did not allude to the abolition of slavery and the overthrow of the dogma of States' Rights, because it believed all three to be permanently settled, and settled upon right principles.

The Republican party did not lumber up its platform with dead issues, as the Democracy have done. Andrew Johnson is arraigned before the people less as Andrew Johnson than as a representative Democrat, and the praises bestowed upon him in the Tammany platform proves the

form that the acts of reconstruction are fact," and beat the air with the impotent malice of words that do not signify a pol-ley or a purpose. So, too, the Democracy—to please yet again their "Southern brethren"—go back four years to assail the men who prosecuted the war to a suc-cessful termination, and, with only a little ess anachronism, protest against the subordination of the civil to the military authority in the Southern States—now

happily done away with almost every-where—and demand the reduction of the standing army—which has been reduced by General Grant and is likely soon to be reduced still further—and the abolition of the Freedmen's Bureau, which is already removed from several States and is soon to be abolished in all.

On several points it is gratifying to per-ceive that the two platforms are as one, the Democracy having followed in the footsteps of the Republicans. Both de-mand that the Government be administered with economy and honesty, and that the taxes be equalized and reduced; and the Democratic platform also judiciously suggests a "simplification of the system and discontinuance of inquisitorial modes of assessing and collecting the internal revenue." Both claim for the naturalized citinue." Both claim for the naturalized citi-zen equal rights and protection with the native citizen, and the Republican Con-vention also extends its hands to "op-pressed people, struggling for their rights" and urges the encouragement of foreign immigration. The Democracy threw a few words to the soldiers and sailors in a sentence that looks like an afterthought: out the Republicans in their 10th resolu-

tion earnestly express the thanks of the country to its gallant defenders and declare that the bounties and pensions to which they and theirs are entitled are which they and theirs are entitled are "obligations never to be forgotten."

We have already commented upon the positions of the two parties on financial questions. The Republican platform unequivocally pronounces against repudiation in every form, declares that the national debt must be paid according to the letter and spirit of the laws under which it was contracted; that it should be extended over a fair period for redempbe extended over a fair period for redemp-tion and the rate of interest upon it retion and the rate of interest upon it re-duced, whenever that can honestly be done; and that the best way to diminish our burden of debt is to improve our credit. The Democratic platform is con-strued by the accredited organ of the party one way in Chicago and the oppo-site way in New York. It would probably receive an interpretation consistent with the national honor from Seymour as President; but Blair, in the event of his succession, would be likely to adopt the Pendleton construction.
On questions connected with the restor-

tion of the rebel States to their practical relations with the Union, the Democracy "1. Immediate restoration of all the States to their rights in the Union, under the Constitution, and of civil government to the American people.

"2. Amnesty for all past political offences and the regulation of the elective franchise in the

The first demand is already complied with, except in three States, whose return to the Union is retarded by their own fault. The first part of the second de-mand has already been very generally granted, and the second part is the enun-ciation of a principle the justice of which the Republican Convention acknowledged in its application to the loyal States, but which the necessities of the case required them, as the constitutional authority given by the result of the war enabled them, to set aside in the rebel States. The Republican platform, on the other hand, adopts the policy which is rapidly bringing back the truant States, and welcomes their inhabitants, black and white into "the communion of the loyal people."—Chicago Tribune.

Death of the Democratic Party.

face, when some gentlemen came in from another car and restrained him.

"Mr. Williams," sed they, "let him up. He's poor white trash, and not worth wastin your indignashen onto. Let him up, Mr. Williams, let him up."

"Sirs," sed I, rising to my feet, tremulous with rage, "is this the treatment I am to expect all the way to Noo York? Am I to be pounded to jelly by a nigger—a stinkin nigger, sirs, whose odor even now makes the car ontenable to gentlemen up refined sensibilities—and to hear the nigger addrest ez 'Mister' after that, instituted by bein tored to pieces by the infuriated

THE lives of political parties are not limited by divine command, as are those of individuals. Nevertheless, it always happens that when they have accomplished their career, or have become corrupt by long possession of power, they die, and give place to purer and more vigorous or-

ranizations.
Sometimes parties commit such great Sometimes parties commit such great crimes that the common justice of mankind will not permit them to survive. They are sent off like condemned criminals to a death from which there is no reprieve. The Tories of the Revolution generally left the country at the close of the war which they constantly opposed. Those who remained had neither numbers nor courage sufficient to form even the nucleus of a party.

None of these dead parties of the past ever committed the crime of treason against the country. The policy of waging the wars which they opposed was an open question, and one on which parties might honestly and patriotically differ.

honestly and patriotically differ.

Those who fought against the nation in our late civil war were traitors; and those in the North who aided and abetted them were partakers in their guilt. The rebels of the South and the Copperheads in the North belonged to the Democratic party, and still propose to bear the name. If any of the rebels were known by any other political name before the war, they turned up at its close most zealous "Democratic party." turned up at its close most zealous "Democrats."

Upon the Democratic party, then, rests the responsibility of the rebellion. Its guilt is theirs, and they take the conse-

quences of its defeat.

All history, all analogy, all reason, and all justice now say that the Democratic party must die. The dew of death is upon its brow, the mental struggle has begun. No political trickery can save it, no art can give it a longer lease of life. Could it have obtained as its candidate some successful General of the war with whose many and services it could have caused. name and services it could have caused the people for the moment to forget its damning record, there is a possibility that it might have a sickly existence four years longer. This, however, it had neither ability nor wisdom to do, and now it must

NASBY. MIL NASBY GOES AS A DELEGATE TO NEW YORK-HE GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES THAT BESET HIM ON THE WAY, AND IN THE GREAT CITY.

New Youx, (at a cheep boardin thouse) July the 4, 1998.

If I hed knowd just wat I hed to go thro with, I never wood figgered for the posishen I now okkepy. Hed I knowd the troubles wich was to beset me, the the troubles wich was to beset me, the Corners might have gone onrepresented, and the Democrisy mite hev nominated a candidate without my help. I am at a cheep boardin house, wich is salubrusly sitocated on an alley, the landlady bein one uv the anshent Kings uv Ireland, wich her name is O'Shaughnessy. I coodent git rooms at the Aster, nor the St. Nichelns, ez I coodent git a clerk to look at me for an hour, and when I did succeed in rivitin the attenshun uv one, he flow into a pashen and ordered me to move on, with a pashen and ordered me to move on, with the onfeelin remark that he hed no room for sich! And that insult mite be added to injoory, the unfeelin woman who pre-sides over the manshen I inhabit, peremptorily refoozed to reserve me ontil I paid in advance. I tried several places, but ex I hedn't no baggage, the prevailin opinyun seemed to be that advance payment wood be better, and I waz forst to return to her. My advenchers on the route were noo-

merous, if not pleasant.

At some pint in Ingiany, wher we changed cars, I found the trans we hed to take full uv delegates. In lookin around for a seet I diskivered but one that hadn't two in it, and that one hed in it a disgustin nigger, who hed the impoodence to be well drest, and hed a carpet sack beside him. My Demekratic blood riz to wunst. Feelin that in a car filled with Demekratic delegates, anything I shood do to a nigger wood be safe, I stawkt proudly up to him,

noldin my nose,
"Good Lord!" sed I, "wat a smell."
"Good Lord!" skoed the delegates wich got on at that stashen, "wat a terrible

"My gentle Afrikin frend," said I, seezi him by the collar, "I regret the necessity uv sayin disagreeable things, and still more of doin em, but the fact is your im-pudence in gettin into a car uv white gentleman with the disgustin odor insepara-ble from any part of the Afrikin race, is rather too much. And more especially do I wonder at your keepin your sect, while I and these other white gentlemen are

"Out with the nigger!" yelled the lately arrived delegates, "hustle the stinkin "Merciful hevens, what a smell!" sung out others of em, "hist him!" "hist him!" Seein myself thus backed, and feelin that a litle zeal would be safe, ez niggers can't yote, I knocked his hat out of the winder

and followed up that demonstrashen with a serious attempt at liftin him out of the seat. I wood hev succeeded, but the nig-ger resisted, and resisted vigorously, towit: he knockt three of my front teeth down my throte, pulled out what little there wuz left uv the hare that hangs in scanty festoons about my venrable temples, and blackt both my eyes. I wuz lyin on my back in the passage, some-what astonisht, the nigger a standin over me, with his boot-heel raised over my

uv bein tored to pieces by the infuriated spectators! Oh, shame, where is thy blash?" "You mizable curs," sed one uy thes

"You mizable curs," sed one uv these gentlemen, "apologise to wunst to this gentleman for yoor insultin roodnis, or we'll chuck yoo out uv the cars. Apologise, sir, to Mr. Josef Williams, Delegate at Large for the State we Tennessee !"

I almost fainted. This nigger, then, wuz a delegate! He was a regier delegate, armed and equipped with regler credenshels to a Demokratic Nashnel Convention, and I have been earlies in my zeed up. tion, and I hev been guilty in my zeel uv assultin uv him! Gladly I apologyzed, and further, I humbly begged permission to sit beside him; wich he accordid with a gra-

who remained had neither numbers nor courage sufficient to form even the nucleus of a party.

Those political parties which have opposed the wars waged by the nation have invariably come to a speedy death. The old Federal party disappeared soon after the successful issue of our second war with Great Britain. The Whig party did not long survive the close of the Mexican war, which it had opdosed. It was, indeed, galvanized with a temporary semblance of life by the election of the hero of Buena Vista, whom it had the shrewdness to nominate. ciousnis I never saw ekalled. ism, I make no doubt that the stench wich I reely fancied I smelt when I fust undertook to subjugate him, wood hev continyooed to the end of the trip. In olden times it wuz observed that slave niggers didn't smell—it wuz only the free ones. It is a settled fact now that Dimekratic niggers are inoderous! I might have known, however, that the nigger wuz a free nigger, by the way he pitched into me. No nigger in the state nv servitude wood ever hev did such a thing. That much they owe to the war, any how.

owe to the war, any how.

My principal objick in going to Noo York wuz to do what I cood toward secorin the nominashun uv Jethro L. Krippins. I found the delegates badly tore up. The offer made for votes wuz so ridiculously low that there wuz much disgust manifested. The trouble wuz that the market was averaged; Hed the Control disgust manifested. The trouble wuz that the market was overstockt. Hed the Convenshion been pretty chally divided, and the balance of power held by a few clost mouthed souls, they cood have made a good thing uv it. But where a whole Convenshen is in the markit, and all their inflocenshal friends, no candidate kin afford to buy. I withdrew Mr. Krippins townst, for ex he hez but a small farm, and that mortes and to a grossery keeper, the that mortgaged to a grosery keeper, the delegates approcht laft me to skorn. I wuz on the Committee on Resolushens,

or ruther wuz in the room ez a sort uv advisory committee while the resolooshens wuz bein draftid. Gen. Forrst, uv Tennessee, wuz pertikierly anxhus that a resolooshen shood be adopted denouncin the Radicals, who wuz, with unholy hands, a design to destroy the best Covernment in

verest terms them onprincipled, Isanaukai Hadikels, who for years had ben laborin to subvert the Government, by interferin with the pursuns and property uv citizens, and also pledgin the convenshen to that wise conservatism without wich there cood be no permanence in our Govern-

ment.

I dropt into the Sollers' and Sailers' Convenshen, but I didn't stay long. Them whose noses wurn't red all wanted to be either President or cabinet offisers; and uv the balance nv 'em, the leastest sed the better. My sole indignated ex I saw seated among em the very sutler who refoosed me credit when I wuz servin ex a urafted man in 1863; and also a claim agent who get \$10 nv me on the promise uv gettin got \$10 uv me on the promise uv gottin my bounty, wich, when he got it, he ab-sorbed in fees, costs, and commissions. There wuz, uv coorse, some troo men. There wuz soljers there wich resigned early in the war on akkount uv its been a d—d Ablishin war, and others who left becoz Linkin wuzn't rapid enuff in makin uv em Major-Generals. There wuz no limit to ther speckin. Every wun hed the speech which he delivered at the Cleveland Convenshen in 1866, carefully preserved, and they all insisted on delivern em, wich ez Heft they were doin, all to themselves. Ef they ken stan it I am willin. We are goin to hev a Soldiera' Convenshen in Richmond to ratify the nominashens, wich will account to suthly nominashens, wich will amount to authin. We shell hev Forrest there, and Boregard

we shell hev Forrest there, and Boregard Breckenridge, and ther speeches will count. We will hev the flags uv the two governments entwined, and we will hev the moosic uv both seckshens played. Such a convenshen will amount to suthin. Wat the platform will be, or who the candidates will be, the Lord only knows. I am prepared for anythin, and so are all the delegates. Ef it's Pendleton, on a repoodiashen platform, well and good—ef it's Seymour, on a nashenal bank platform, jest ex good. I shood be happy to see Breckinridge the choice uv the party, and delighted of Hancock should be chosen. I kin hurrah fer Chase, and with ekal vigger kin swing my hat for Vallandigum, and I find all the delegates simerly affected. The post-office is the lean kine wich swallers up all the others. We are willin to sink everythin in post offis. That my sincerity may not be doubted, let it be remembered that I hev rid with the nigger from Ingeany to Noo York; hev been whelled by every and her felt good over it. from Ingeany to Noo York; hev been whaled by one and hev felt good over it, hev bin hurrahin for an old line Abolishnist, and swearin the while. I liked it. Ef any other evidence uv flexibility is needed, I feel ekal to the task. Politically, I am

ekal to all emergencies. PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M., (Wich is Postmaste Important Letter from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

I LEFT Brooklyn on Monday, July 6, but not before the World had published that I had, on Sunday morning, in a poli-tical sermon, come out for Chase for the Presidency, and against Grant; and I have seen the story every day racing through the papers. There is not a word of truth in it. The sermon was not political, and it made no allusion either to Grant or Chase. The application of some of its paragraphs, in either direction was the work of the reporter of the World, not

I have never been a Chase man, I have I have never been a Chase man, I have for years, as a leader in public affairs deemed him, like his greenbacks, as promising more on the face than they are worth in gold. While the New York Independent was lauding him as a demigod, and the New York Tribune was using his name to become the vectors of Grant I heartily New York Tribune was using his name to obscure the prospects of Grant, I heartily and openly disagreed with both of them, for I thoroughly liked Grant and thoroughly distrusted Chase. Ho is a splendid man to look upon, but a poor man to lean upon. Ambition lifts some men towards things noble and good; makes them large and generous. Other men's ambition blurs the generous. Other men's ambition blurs the sharp lines and distinctions between right and wrong, and leaves them, in the eagerness of over-selfish desires, to become a that Mr. Chase's ambition was consumi

the better elements of his nature.

I have liked Grant from the first. Solid I have liked Grant from the first. Solid, unpretentious, straightforward, apt to succeed, and not spoiled by success, wise in discerning men, skillful in using them, with the rare gift (which Washington had in an eminent degree) of getting wisdom from other men's councils—I confidently anticipate that, great as his military success has been, he will hereafter be known more favorably for the wisdom of his civil administration.

dministration.
The seven-fold humilistions and recan tations through which Chase was required to go for a Democratic nomination, only to see the smiling Seymour looking benignly down upon his lost estate, has no parallel except in the immortal history of Reineke Fuchs. There will now be no third candidate between Grant and Scymour. It will be a fair fight between rug-ged honesty and plausible craft.

HENRY WARD BERCHER. Boston, July 8, 1868.

A LARGE family is a host in itself. Its members are never dependent for amusements upon strangers. They are always numerous enough to be able to organize their own games. Winter or summer, it is the same. What can be more miserable than for two lads to have to play cricket with the same of the same to prove the play cricket. without a long stop, or to have to press some shirking little sister, with her ex-tended apron, into the service? She has to be coaxed, bribed or builled into the operation; and the cruel sport generally ends by a flood of tears on the part of the tiny female mercenary. Let there be but plenty of boys and plenty of girls, and there can never be any lack of fun—masculine fun and feminine fun—astir. They quarrel, it will be said. Of course they do; quarrel, it will be said. Of course they do; and herein lies another tremendous advantage of a large family against a small one. Their interests are so many, and from moment to moment so various, that they are everlastingly clashing. What better preparation could there be for life? They thrash and are thrashed, snub and are snubbed, contradict and are contradicted, till it gets thoroughly impressed on the mind of each one, carly in existence, that he is not the only individual in the world before whom everything must bow and before whom everything must low and give way. The domestic circle becomes thus a miniature public school, in which all its advantages are acquired.

Ax innocent Ohio delegate inquired Thursday night, how it was, if Seymour's nomination was entirely unexpected, that a finely executed portrait of the unwilling candidate was ready for the banner candidate was ready for the banner paraded in the streets within an hour after the nomination. The Buckeye intellect, bewildered by the astonishing tactics of New York politicians, was not adequate to the explanation of this curious piachomenos, and we are unable to give it any assistance in this case. Sometimes a small and apparently immaterial circumstance will fasten on a criminal conclusive cylence of his cuilt. In like manner this dence of his guilt. In like manner this insignificant banner, bearing the unmin-takable likeness of the oft-doclining Seva takable likeness of the oft-declining Seymour, and carried through the streets immediately after his nomination, will fernish irrefregible proof that when Mr. Seymour's friends declared him out of the field, they knew that they were perpetrating a fraud.—N. Y. Post.

in all the overthrow of the degree of States is delived all three to be strength doe, not lie in that direction, where the continuing several property. Their strength doe, not lie in that direction, and the overthrow of the degree of the supreme agony, and short strength doe, not lie in that direction, and the overthrow of the degree of the supreme agony, and short strength doe, not lie in that direction, and the overthrow of the degree of the supreme agony, and short strength doe, not lie in that direction, and the overthrow of the degree of the supreme agony, and short will be its shring the strength doe, not lie in that direction. The limits of the supreme agony and short strength doe, not lie in that direction, and the principles.

The Republic states, as the principles.

The Republic states are supposed to the supreme agony, and one the decision of wich wood be a calamity with use of the other decision of the street in the strength of the street in the street in the street, and the principles.

The Republic street is marked of the times and activated the street in the stree